The Life of

Mother Shipton.

A NEW

Comedy.

As it was Acted Nineteen dayes together with great Applause.

Folia Ampla Sybillæ Virg.

Written by T. T.

LONDON,

Printed by and for *Peter Lillicrap*, and are to be sold by T. Passenger at the three Bibles on *London Bridge*. 1610.

The Actors Names.

Pluto	*The King of Hell*
Radamon	*A cheif Spirit*
Four other Devils	
The Ab. of *Beverly*	
Hairbrain	*A wild Gallant*
Swagger	*His Companion*
A Captain	
Mr. Shiftwell	*A Pander*
Mr. Moneylack	*His Companion*
Sr. Oliver VVhorehound	*An old Leacher*
David	*His man*
Roger	*His wifes man*
Sir Ol. VVhorehounds wife going by the name of *Lovefree*	*Mr.* Scrape *a Uſerer*
Mother Shipton	Priſcilla *a Whore*
Abigail her Maid	Prue *a Bawd*
Shiftwels wife	*And two whores*
Maria	*shiftwels ſiſter*

The Scenes.

The City of *York*.

OR

Naſebrough Grove in *Yorkſhire*.

The Actors Names.

Pluto	*The King of Hell*
Radamon	*A cheif Spirit*
Four other Devils	
The Ab. of *Beverly*	
Hairbrain	*A wild Gallant*
Swagger	*His Companion*
A Captain	
Mr. Shiftwell	*A Pander*
Mr. Moneylack	*His Companion*
Sr. Oliver VVhorehound	*An old Leacher*
David	*His man*
Roger	*His wifes maid*
Sir Ol. VVhorehounds wife going by the name of *Lovefree*	*Mr.* Scrape *a Usurer*
Mother Shipton	Priscilla *a Whore*
Abigail her Maid	Prue *a Bawd*
Shiftwels wife	*And two whores*
Maria	*Shiftwels sister*

The Scenes.

The City of *York*.

OR

Nasebrough Grove in *Yorkshire*.

The Prologue.

PRologues are grown so plenty, yet so dear
Our authour choos'd to have no prologue here.
His is an invitation to a feast
He hopes your stomacks will not ill digest,
Yet be not over curious, since he has spent
As much as on his Credit could be lent;
He's not a Poet yet upon his blessing
Has charg'd the Cooks be careful in the dressing.
Expect no choice of dainties of the prime,
As at the Temple at a reading time,
Or that our young Cooks are experienc'd so
They can please every pallat: this we know.
They may in time, then in the mean while
Grace their endeavours with a courteous smile.
To th' Author and the Actors too prove free,
Spare not for claps and first begin with me.

Exeunt

The Life of
Mother Shipton.

Act the First, Scene the First.

Shipton sitting by a Rivers side, and *Radamon* a Divel a part.

Ship. MIserable *Shipton* in what a poor condition has it pleased the powers to place thee! sure all the Eyes of Happiness did look a Squint at my Nativity, and all the Destinies combin'd to wrap me up in endless poverty.

Di. This is excellent her low condition does lay the foundation for my siege, i'l listen to what follows.

Ship. How pleasant and thrice happy is the fortune of other Mor-

talk, how bravely do they live and injoy themſelves and their eſtates! How like petty dieties are they ſeated in their pallaces! and to ſuch poor Cottage bred Creatures as my ſelf extend their generous Hoſpitality! how nobly do they paſs over their lives and with odours and perfumes enter their earthly graves, whoſe fame is ſtill ſurviving by their Princely Pedigree? why was not this my lot poor miſerable *Shipton*!

Di. Better, better yet, ſhe is ambitious, and I am half confident ſhe is my own.

Ship. What pleaſant life have I? forlorn deſolation? What eſtate or ſubſiſtance? The Alms of the Pariſh? What Grave but a Ditch? And for my pedigree can only boaſt of poverty? I was wretched by my Parents indigency, and by their death in my Minority, thrice, thrice more Miſerable! Am I not fleſh and blood? Has not Nature beſtowed on me the like perfections, each Mortal now can boaſt off? Why am I ſo low then when others are ſo high? Why do I court the ground when others in their glorious pinacles graſp the sky? Well hence forth will I ſcorn their Alms and gifts of Charity.

Directly or indirectly I will find a way,
To make me rich in Pride and Money too, but ſtay. [*pauſes.*

Di. Do, do mount higher in ambition yet and then,
Thou'lt fall ſo low, thou ne're ſhall riſe again.

Ship. I am too preſumptuous and do offend theſe powers we are bound in the ſtricteſt obligations to obey: No be content in time thou wilt ſee Heaven will give thee more felicity.

Di. Ha! This ſtartles me does her ambition thaw, I'l to her e're ſhe too much repents.

Fair Maid, nay ſtartle not, pardon me that I have been a gentle auditor to your ſorry tale, yet think of me, as I ſeem to be; a Gentleman well deſcended, and not of ſo mean a ſpirit to divulge the leaſt Syllable of what I have heard, but be as ſecret as the ſilent Air.

Ship. Sir your Carriage and diſcourſe confirm you a Gentleman, and ſince you have over heard what I never intended to declare to any: My hope is in your promiſe: You will be Privy.

Di.

Di. I'l be thy boſome Cabinet, and ſince at firſt ſight I ſee thou art meritorious: 'Tis in my power and I am willing to bring thee to advancement: Nay ſuch honour as ſhall touch the height of thoſe to whom thou haſt been ſubſervient, and ſpurn at thoſe that hitherto have ſlighted thee.

Ship. Sir you promiſe fair.

Di. I'l perform fairer, Therefore to morrow morn at ſun riſing, under the broad Beech-tree, in *Naeſ-borough* Grove fail not to meet me.

Ship. Upon my Life I will not,

Di. Then thou ſhalt ſee, i'l find a means to

Work thy content, and thereby,
Transform thy ſorrow to felicity

Ship. I thank you ſir.

Di. *Till then fair Maid farewell,*
This will be good news to the King of Hell. [*Exit* Radamon.

Ship. This promiſe makes me proud, perform it & thou art noble

The Pariſh Alms gifts and Cottages i'l ſcorn
And no more walk in places ſo forlorn,
To this Event ye powers grant ſucceſs,
The Sun muſt uſher in my Happineſs. (*Exit.*

Scene the Second.

Enter Shiftwell *and* Moneylack.

Mo. 'TIs a mad life thou leadſt.

Shift. A merry life, the only life? I am like a man finding a Table furniſhed to his hand, as mine is ſtill to me, prayers for the founder, I thank him he has maintained my houſe this ſix years, not only keeps my wife, but me and all my family: I am at his Table, he

puts me to nothing, no rent, nor Church duties, no not ſo much as the ſcavenger, the happieſt ſtate that ever man was born to: I walk out in a morning, come to breakfaſt, find excellent cheer, a good fire in winter, look in my coal houſe about *Midſomer eve*, five or ſix chaldrone new laid up, look in my back yard, I ſhall find a pile of fagots that overlook the Church ſteeple, I ſay nothing to all this, but ſmile and gently pin the door again, when my wife lyes Inn, as even now ſhe's on the point of grunting, a Lady lies not like her, ſhe has her Emboſſings, Embroiderings, Spanglings, and I know not what, her Sugar by whole loaves, her wine by Rundlets: I ſee theſe things but like a happy man.

I pay for none at all, yet fooles think't mine,
I have the name, and in his Gold I ſhine.
This charge the Knight has whilſt I without any fear,
Lye ſoft, ſleep hard, drink wine, and eat good chear.

And then for want of my wife, have I a legion of Miſtreſſes.

Mo. But prithee when doeſt exſpect Sir *Oliver*?

Shift. Why to morrow ſo his laſt letter ſaid.

Mo. So then we may hope for a recruite.

Shift. Hope, we will command it, he muſt be liberal to me; but mum here comes *David*.

Enter *David*.

How now *David* any newes for me from Sir *Oliver*

Da. Yes, I have a Letter for you Sir.

Shift. He is in good health I hope.

Da. I hear nothing to the contrary, but I muſt bid you farewell Sir, buſineſs calls me away, otherwiſe Mr. *Shiftwel* you and I would not part ſo drily.

Shift. Farewel honeſt *David* — *Exit* David

So now Ile open thee. — *Reads.*

My dear *Shiftwel*.

Mo. That's lovingly.

Shift. O 'tis flattery I fear

In the laſt you received from me, I told thee how ſpeedy I would be in my return, both for the love I bear to my Lady and thy ſelf,

but

but ſince ſeveral buſineſſes prohibite my intent, ſo that now I cannot be in town till the latter end of next week, but then I will be moſt liberal

Sir *Oliver Whorehound.*

Mo. This does not make the old Proverb good, *ſhort and ſweet*, for this is ſhort

Shift. But damnable ſower.

Mo. Well poverty parts good company, ſo for the preſent farewel, next time we meet, I hope we ſhall be in a condition too fare better. *Exit* Moneylack.

Shif. *Fear not for I do live without regard,*
The pander needs muſt have a free reward.

Scen. III.

Enter Mrs. Lovefree *and* Roger *her man with a portmantle.*

Lo. ROger carry the Portmantle to my Lodging, Ile follow preſently.

Ro. I will forſooth. *Exit* Roger.

Ha *Noll*, is it ſo i'faith has a young Mrs. reſtored a new fire into your decayed parts, I thought 'twas impoſſible for nature to broach another veſſel of ſtrength into thy whithered veins, well if it be ſo, ſo let it be: when I lay by thy ſide thou tookeſt no care in the night but to mumble out thy prayer and *Pater noſter*; many times when I have endeavoured to force a motion in thee, to give life to thy dead ſpirits alas! I was anſwered wiith hollow groans, and excuſes of age? and to imagine the truth, I beleive tis rather thy money then thy fortitude that quenches the appetite of that woman thou freqnents. for otherwiſe by experience I can tell her thirſt would rather encreaſe then her deſire be ſatisfied: well Ile pay thee in thy Coyn, I have not a face altogether contemptible, nor money for properties to preſerve it from wrinckles, and I hope ere long this City will afford me a Gallant.

Whore

Whore-hound *revenge is counted no disgrace.*
Cuckold thy horns will quickly bud apace.

Scen IV.

Enter *Pluto Proserpina* and five Devils.

Plu. MY brave spirits the world is now in distraction, confusion meets in every place, and will ere long involve it self into a second *Chaos*: now with all the hellish art you are masters of, scout about and make the consciences of men as black as Hell it self: mean while *Alecto* let it be your care to cherish our Traytors in the lower vault. *Massanello* that proud fisher boy that durst usurp so much disloyalty against his Prince, to raise forces against him and make his subjects most perfidious, the like to *Matchavile* that wheadling Traytor, *Synon* that betrayed the noble *Trojans*, also to *Hanibal* the noblest Hellhound Hell can boast of, but who comes here.

Enter Radamon.

Al. Great Prince 'tis *Radamon.*
Plu. Now *Radamon* the news with thee.

Ra. *Great prince the news I bring,*
Will make your Queen and all our Furies sing.

Plu. Declare it.
Ra. I have been with *Shipton* a poor Alms wench to whom as she was deploring her sad condition, I appeared apparelled like a very handsome Gentleman, gave her large promises, to make good which early this Morn, at Sun-rising I am to meet her under the broad Beech tree in *Naesborough* Grove.

Then I do not doubt
To make effectual what I have been about.

Plu. Well done *Radamon* thou art a providing Divel and does much for

for the Intereſt of our Kingdom, we thank thee for thy care and diligence.

Come now lets revel and with ſuch delight
We'l ſpend the tedious minutes of this night.

[They Dance, dance ended]

P'lu. *Now we'l go viſit our Helveechans that have been Inrichers of our Kingdom by their ſin.*

Exeunt.

Scene the Fifth.

Enter Shiftwell *and Mr.* Scrape *ſeverally.*

Shift. NOw for *Moneylack* he'l behold and bleſs himſelf, and with confidence ſwear i'm a limb of a Devil. How *Scrape* one of my old Uſurers! Pox on his picture! Now do I quake as if I had had the ſtanding Ague theſe ſeven years! yet perforce I muſt be couragious and ſpeak to him: Mr. *Scrape* your obleiged Servant Sir.

Scra. Mr. *Shiftwel* how have you done this long while, I can never have the happineſs to ſee you at our end of the town.

Shift. No faith nor never ſhall *Aſide*
as long as I can keep at this.
Why Sir, ſo and ſo, I make a heard ſhift to keep head and ſhoulders together.

Scra. Well but to put off this diſcourſe, you and I muſt be a 'ittle more ſerious.

Shift. Now it begins to work. *Aſide.*

Scra. You know Mr. *Shiftwell*, the times expired my money due, and your bond forfeited, and now what would you have me do? when I lent my money I appeare an Angel, but now I call for it again Ile warrant you a very devil.

Shift. 'Fleſh! what ſha'l I do with him? ther's no way to ſet him going but Hectoring. Why Sir I can't help it, you muſt ſtay till I have it, you know like a Gentleman I pawn'd you my Land for the

tenth part of the value, and now times are dead, no money ſtirring, 'tis a hard caſe, you muſt forbear longer or I ſhall grow very angry.

Scrap. Fret and ſpare not, I know no obligation lies upon me with my honey to feed drones, but in ſhort my money I want, and my money ile have, or it ſhall go hard with you.

Shif. Fleſh how the Rogue railes *Aſide*
ſure he has got ſome Baliffes nigh;
I ſee none: *Looks out*
yet its well, he knowes not of my being a Pander, therefore Ile plead poverty, and my former trade of Merchandize, and ſee if I can move the Rogue to pitty: alas! at preſent Sir I cannot, my wife and family then will ſtarve for want of bread.

Scrap. More too blame thou in not providing better to ſupport them, your debt is an eſtate for a good man: pray acquaint me how were my thouſand pounds imployed?

Enter Moneylack.

Mo. How a Dun upon *Shifwel*, I am come to my wiſh, here Ile keep out of ſight and hear all, I know no object that could more content me. Ha my Uncle *Scrape*, better and better. but Ile be ſilenced till the future.

Shift. I inſult not on my Calamity good Sir, though being a Debtor and a ſlave to him that lends, I muſt endure it, yet hear me ſpeak thus much in my own defence, loſſes at ſea, and thoſe Sir, great and many by ſtorms and tempeſt, not domeſtical Riot in ſoothing of my wifes humor, or my own has brought me to this low ebb.

Mo. Sure tis an old debt, he pleads his former trade of Merchandize, 'tis well the old Rogue knows it to be no otherwiſe.

Scrap. Suppoſe this true.

Shif Nay 'tis a real truth without ſuppoſals Sir, beſides can you think in your unqueſtioned wiſdome that the ruine of me, (once an able Merchant) can raiſe your reputation with good men!

Mo No if it thrive with him, hang me as 'twill damne him if he be not converted, 'or all he's my Uncle.

Shif. Suppoſe this Sir, if you permit me a moneth more, it will not be your loſs nor prejudice, and there was never yet but ſhame and ſcandal in a victory when Rebels unto reaſons paſſion fought it.

Mo.

Mo. Our Divines cannot ſpeak more effectually.

Scrap. Shall I be talked out of my Money.

Shif. No Sir, but entreated to do your ſelf a benefit and preſerve that you poſſeſs intire.

Scrap. How Friend?

Shif. By makeing me your beadsman, when I eat my thanks, next Heaven, will be paid to your mercy, when your ſhips are at ſea, my prayers will ſwell the ſailes with proſperous winds and guard them from tempeſts and Pyrates: keep your ware houſes from fire, or quench them with my tears.

Scrap. If this could be.

Shift. It muſt
or my devotion lyes: *Aſide.*
come Sir, I ſee a gentle promiſe in your eye, make it a happy act, and me rich in being the inſtrument.

Scrap. Well you have prevailed, take a moneth longer, but ſee you faile not, if you do Ile proteſt you firſt, and that done, have the Statute made for Bankrupts ſerved upon you.

Shif. If I do 'tis in your power, but not in mine to ſhun it.

Scrap. But do you hear: no talk of it, ſhould this arrive at twelve on the exchange, I ſhould be laugh'd at for my fooliſh pitty, which money men hate, ſo farewel. *Exit.*

Shif. So he's gone. *Looks out.*
I'b'eſs the Counter where I learnt this Rhetorick, now Ile ſhake againe. *ſhakes his Pockets.*

Mo. Ha! ſo full faith and plead poverty, Ile out and ſcorn him: Ha, ha, ha.

Shif. Well Ile abide your jears for once, and hope it may be your turne another time.

Mo. In troth very likely, but I have ſeen and heard all, excuſe my manners.

Shif. I think I worked him pretty well for all he was your Uncle;

Mo. Nay and with ſuch Devotion too.

Shif. Never did I pray ſo, ſo heartily before.

But come now lets to the next Tavern ſteer,
And there my hoarſe pipes with Canary cleer:

Exeunt.

Sceen the ſixth,

Enter Shipton.

Puft up with pride I am grown ambitious, can I forget to give a bow to the humble Milkmaids: can I forget a curſie making to my liberal Almes-givers? can I forget every Sundaies going to the Church porch to beg a loaf? yes I can forget all,

Shipton *no more now ſhall be,*
Beholding to their liberallity.

But ha! I ſee my happineſs, the Sun ſhines clear: come, come my worthy Gallant, if thou doſt faile to effect what thou haſt promiſed me, all my expectations are but Aire! but why do I doubt thy gratitude, I am confident in thy nobleneſs, and will vaunt upon it: ſoare high *Shipton*, higher yet, and think thou never waſt, what too ſure thou haſt been! Ha, ha, ha, me thinks I ſhall laugh to ſee a poor wench beging for an Almes, though I have don't my ſelf, ha! for that very word I could correct my inſolence! I will avouch I neere was poor: hang all beggarry, for my expected happineſs aſſures me I was born to know endleſs felicity, not the fruits of woe. But ſtranger things I yet conceive! This Gentleman could not having no ground of acquaintance promiſe me this preferment without a cauſe: no my youth and beauty ſtirr'd him to't! I am in my teens and that alone muſt be the motive! this I conjecture, and this effect ye powers for my future bliſs.

Enter Radamant *with two other Devils like Gentlemen.*

Rad. My pritty Damſel I muſt confeſs I have been ſomewhat tardy, but now come to perform my promiſe beyond thy expectation, gueſs at my meaning.

Ship. Alas! I cannot propheſie Sir.

Ra. Then know I intend to marry thee, and have brought theſe my attendants to witneſſe it

Ship. Are you real Sir?

Ra. By all that's real I am; behind this Grove I have a horſe and pillion for my Spouſe, theſe my attendants are nobly mounted too, we have not Jades that need the ſwitch and ſpur, but will run with all ſpeed to performe the rights that to our marriage ſhall be appurtenant, beſtow thy ſelf upon me and all my Fortunes and Eſtate are thine.

Ship. Now I ſee I propheſied rightly: I am ever happy, Thee and thy eſtate, a noble Husband.

Ra. A match lets go,

But firſt joyn hands that nothing may our hearts devide.
I am thy bridegroom, Ship. *And I am thy Bride.*

Exeunt.

Finis *Actus Primi.*

Actus ſecundus. Scena prima.

Enter Greg. Hodge. Jug. *and* Bab. *Beggars.*

Hod. COme, come devide the ſpoyle, ſhare and ſhare like
Greg. Withall my heart: there *Hodge* there's for thee.
Hod. Very right.
Greg. And there *Jug* there's for thee.
Jug. True to a farthing.
Greg. And there *Bab's* for thee, and here's for my ſelf, and the odd *overplus* lets give to the Fidler.
Hod. A very good Motion, for now after our long puritanical praying lets ſpend a little of what we got in meriment.
Jug. Prethee *Greg.* what is it thou ſtareſt at ſo?
Greg. Why at yonder thach't cottage, me thinks it would make a

pretty pallace for us Princes of the ragged Regiment to inhabite in.

Hod. O that was old *Shipton* the ditch diggers.

Jug. I but he is dead, *Hodge*, and has left it to his daughter a poor Almes wench.

Bab. And yet as proud as the Devil.

Jug. I wonder what's become of her, I have not seen her at Almes giving a pretty while, and she did not use to hang an Arse.

Hod. Pish let her be where she will, we keep the Fidler here to no purpose.

Greg. Well strike up Fidler wee'l take a dance, and then make enquiry after *Agatha Shipton* for the purchase of her cottage.

A Song.

A Beggars a Prince, we gather from hence
We are not confined as some Princes be,
Though we are not so rich,
We've as princely an Itch,
And my mind, my mind is a Kingdome to me.

We loose no grate purses,
Nor haue not the Curses,
Of Orphans: of Widdows, or poor Caveliers,
And before that I shall, from a Dignity fall,
'Till be eight times, nine times ten hundred years.

We scorn all their fears,
And live not in fears,
Of being imprisoned by black rod or Tower,
And as for the stocks, of it self it unlocks
Within the space of a mery short hour,

Dance and Exeunt.

Actus

Act ſecond, Scen. ſecond.

Enter the Captain *Solus.*

I that have lead a life until of late in ſpight of death, paſſed through the dangers of it without regard, am now won and vanquiſhed: There is an heroick Amazon hard by, whoſe eyes have darted fire into my breaſt, which nothing but her kindneſs can extinguiſh, but if ſhe ſhould prove cruel I ſhall ſoon be aſhes! Muſt I thus yeild? ſhall I forget the ſound of Martial drums, the warlike noiſe of Trumpets, to liſt to the inticeing harmony of inſtruments touched by *Prikellas* hand? ſhall I forget the ordering of a camp? to ride great horſes to beſiedgs a City? to undermine a Caſtle, to raiſe Bulwarks, and all for the love of a ſimple woman? it muſt be ſo: theſe legs that were wont to lead arm'd men to battaile, I now muſt uſe in dances: this haire that uſed to be covered with a Helm cloggy with ſweat and blood, I now muſt daily powder: theſe hands that were uſed to wave a dreadful ſword inſtead of iron gauntlets, now muſt wear perfumed gloves: I that was wont to be conſtantly under a Chyrurgeons hands, muſt have a Barber now to keep me neat: O Love thou art divine, and canſt transforme,

A man from that he was, it is in vain,
To think to ſhun the thieg thou doſt conſtrain.

O heaven if I can but win my love, it will be a conqueſt deſerves a trophee far above,
My beſt of victories: *Ile go and try her,*
'Twas love that kindled, love muſt quench my fire.

Enter Roger.

Cap. Who art thou,

Ro. I Sir.

Cap. I you, what are you to good to be ſpoke too?

Ro. I am *Roger*.

Cap. By that I know thee not, is *Roger* in a Captains Roll? iſt writ?

Ro. Yes Sir in the Parſons book: the day thereof my baptiſme is ſet down.

Cap.

Cap. And in that honour, how oft haſt thou ere fought with Infidels and kil'd a ſcore or two.

Ro, Not I, a ſcore or two ſaid you Captaine, nay then I ſhould never eſcape, for ile promiſe you many one is hang'd for killing of one.

Cap. Fie what an ignorance is this, haſt thou a mind to become a ſouldier?

Ro. Indeed I cannot reſolve you, I am with a Miſtreſs, ile ask her whether ſhee'l turn ſouldier too, and then if I like it there's an end, but pray Captain what is a ſouldier?

Cap. A ſouldier is a man that ventures his life a hundred times a day, and in his Princes and his Countries cauſe ſtands Canons ſhot, and when his bodies full of wounds, lyes all night in the field, and ſleeps upon his Helm.

Ro. Good Captain pardon me, neither I nor my Miſtreſs will be ſouldiers then, venter my life ſo many times a day, there's more ſafety in turning Theif, marry I thought a ſouldier had not been ſuch a fool, but now I think on't good Captain perſwade my Father, Mother, Brothers, Siſters, and all the kindred I have to become ſouldiers, that they may all be kil'led quickly, I ſwear Captain you ſhould looſe nothing by it.

Cap. Baſe Coward.

Ro. Good Sir what is the meaning of that word Coward?

Cap. A Coward is a fellow as baſe as thou, one that does ſpend his pretious time in ſloath, cares not what alterations Kingdomes have, ſo be at home may welter in his pleaſures, a fellow that had rather ſit all day ſmoaking Tobacco and carouſeing cups, then dye his ſword in blood of Enemies.

Ro. Why then Sir indeed I am a very Coward, 'tis better by half then a ſouldier, I know there's far more pleaſure in a glaſs of good wine then in bullets whizing about ones ears, and Pikes and Halberts beating out ones teeth.

Cap. Thou dungil wretch.

Ro. Nay pray Sir be not angry, for I vow I ſhould never digeſt the ſouldiers life.

Cap. Thou earthen minded ſlave 'tis pitty thou ſhould'ſt eat or drink thou haſt no better thoughts.

Ro.

Ro, Good Sir give me leave to be of my own mind and a Coward, I am ſure there's no wiſe man but won'd ſay as I doe, what have I to do with ſouldery, let thoſe follow warrs that at are weary of their lives.

Cap. Thou art as dungil a minded Raſcal as ever I heard, and deſerveſt to be hang'd, and ſo I leave thee.

Exit Captain.

Ro. Go hang your ſelf my Hufting Captain, what have I to do with your warrs two, I ſhould never endure to hear a gun ſhot off, for hearing the report of our Stewards piſtol, does many times make me endanger my breeches.

Exit.

Scen. Third.

Enter Shipton *with Attendants.*

Ship. Stand at a diſtance, me thinks this ſtate becomes me.

Enter a Cryer.

HA! what Bell is that?

Cry. O Yes, if any man or woman, in City, Town, or Country can tell me tydings of *Agatha Shipton*, the daughter of *Solomon Shipton* Ditch digger lately deceaſed, let them bring word to the Cryer of the Village, and they ſhall be well rewarded for their pains.

Ship. Curſe on that tongue what makes this cry after me? can they not beſtow the Almes that came to my ſhare to ſome other poor wretch that wants it more then I do now? no 'tis not that: upon my life ſome canting Beggars covetuous of my cottage have made this way of inquiry for me to purchaſe it. And if my noble Lord ſhould have divulged it to theſe my attendants what I heſt was, and they now declare it I ſhould again be wretched for all theſe delicates: I can't in my proud thought be rich if any but himſelf ſhould know I ever was poor.

Cry.

Cry. Pray can any here tell me tydings of the party I cry off?
Att. No truly honeſt man.
Cry. Then farewell Gentlemen.
Ship. This anſwer does agen prop up my ſpirit.

My worthy ſervants know me or know me not,
This preſent kindneſs never ſhall be forgot.

Enter Radamon.

Welcome Noble Sir.

Ra. Thankes my fair Spouſe, I ſee I am come moſt opertunely, lets ſit and taſte of all the varieties this board is furniſhed with.

——Attendants in the mean while
Let your dancing make our Lady ſmile.

(Sit at a banquet)
They dance,

Ra. Now begone, wee muſt conferre in private. Now I am thy Husband and thou art my Wife, yet know I am no mortal! I am a Devil! theſe my attendants Devils too! I can peirce through the aire, ranſack its Treaſures! I can raiſe thunder and lightning, ſtir up Storms, quell Tempeſts, do or undo any thing to pleaſe me! Ile give thee power too! the windes ſhall be at thy command, and every thing elſe at thy diſpoſe!

Ship. How matried to an Imaterial Spirit this ſtarteles me, how ſweetly could I now deſire my former poverty! but Pride aſſures me I am happy ſtill, and on that ſtaff ile lean. Then Fortune turn thy wheel,

I am in now and muſt through,
And to all virtuous acts I bid adieu.

Well having cunningly wone me to you, I muſt obey and be what you are pleaſed to make me.

Ra. Then after me repeat theſe following words.

Raziel, Ziragia, Phonthonfancia.

Ship. Repeats.

Both Exeunt *with Thunder and Ligtning,*

Scen,

Scene the Fourth.

Enter Shiftwel *and* Roger.

Ro. I Shall ſtudy to be your humble ſervant.

Shift. Thou art a noble Miniſter of words: but wilt thou be my Cabinet, my friend *Roger*?

Ro. I will obey you Sir.

Shift. Liberally ſpoken, when I have opened mē, wilt thou be privy?

Ro. Very ſecret and officious, it is manners in me, your commands ſhall wedge my tongue, hedge my heart, and tye a true Lovers knot with the ſtrings of it.

Shift. Thou art an honeſt clad of earth, it is pitty the malitious Sun-ſhine warm'd thee not into a Diamond.

Ro. You ſpeak above my brain Sir.

Shift. I am marvellouſly in love with your Lady, *Roger*.

Ro. Wonderful! is my Lady your ſweet heart?

Shift. Yes but ignorant of my affection yet.

Ro. I would be drunk if you were my Maſter Sir.

Shift. I *Roger*, I would have a Wine cellar to the purpoſe Man, but doſt know any poſſible way to win her?

Ro. Sir I am paſſing empty of invention: but an't pleaſe you would you marry her?

Shift. No you may ſwear it, but I muſt counterfeit yes, why doſt wonder at it?

Ro. She does nothing all day but read merry Comedies, and every night ſpend two or three houres on a Tragedy of a merry fellow *Dametas*, and a company of ſtrange nam'd Lovers, ſhe's no more a huswife then you or I Sir, on my own proper knowledge I vow and proteſt it.

Shift. Thou art too earneſt my old fac'd *Saturn*, I like her near the worſe, huswifery is the ſuperficies of a gentle Female, aud the parentheſis of a Lady which may be well left out.

Ro. You are a ſchollar Sir, and your bookſhip ſhall direct me.

Shift. I ſhould be glad to cope with your Lady Sir, me thinks I am of a prompter expreſſion then uſal: Ha! your Lady ſaid I? faith ſee where ſhe comes.

Enter Mrs. Lovefree.

Ro. I vaniſh in a miſt then. *Exit* Roger.

Shift. Ile out with a Poetical Solique for my *Præludium*. The gaudy ſtars are not more full of glee, when golden *Phœbus* ſetteth in the *Weſt*, nor doe the chearful Birds with more delight rejoyce at the new livery of the ſpring, then I to have this Miracle of Beauty enter into the knowledge of my Eyes.

Mrs *Love.* He ſpeaks well, I would he meant in earneſt, the gentleman ſeems very deſerving, but hee's ſomewhat wi'd I imagine.

Shift. She ſhall be ſtoutly accoſted, impudence is a very happy quality in a wooer I perceive.

Mrs *Love.* He comes.

Shift. Lady I credit you are not a puny in the Court of *Cupid*, and therefore I hope need not the tedious circumſtances of an Annual ſervice: I am bold to tell you plainly I love you, and if I find occaſion I will maintain it boldly.

Mrs *Love.* Pray Sir Deſiſt.

Shift. Never, ſweet Lady, my deſcent I know you doubt not, and my love you need not, for while I live I ſhall love you, and when you dye your memory.

Mrs *Love.* Your carriage and diſcourſes Sir, ſhew you are a Traveller.

Shift. My boldneſs ſhe means: Madam I have been one and can declare the Habits, Conditions and Scituations of diverſe Countries; nay more my fornights obſervation of the *Antipodes*, this will make her wonder.

Mrs *Love.* O ſtrange have you been there Sir? I admire how you ever came thither!

Shift. Madam I can tell you, but ſhould I tell you, I ſhould affright you more then the doleful groans of a dying Creature in the hideous night.

Mrs *Love.*

Mrs *Love*. Nay if it be ſo terrible, pray ſir forbear.

Shift. Well put off.

Mrs *Love*. Yet, pray reſolve me one thing.

Shift. No ſooner asked but granted.

Mrs *Love*. Whether the Antipodes have a King.

Shift. Yes but he's no man.

Mrs *Love*. I beleive ſo, for I could never credit that any man inhabited there.

Shift. There they have no houſes neither but the Kings pallace, where Sir *Francis Drake* was entertained after he had ſhot the gulf.

Mrs *Love*. Poſſible ! I wonder at it.

Shift. Nay more they at the *Antipodes* hear with their noſes, ſmel with their ears, but taſte withall their ſences, for they are the moſt inſatiableſt gluttons in the whole world.

Mrs *Love*. But I cannot imagine how their ſences are ſo contrary to ours,

Shift. Nay and they are oppoſite to us too.

Mrs *Love*. That indeed I have heard. But you frequent playes, do ye not ſir ?

Shift. Playes they are moſt commonly my every afternoons recreation.

Mrs *Love*. And you have red many Hiſtories ?

Shift. Many Lady.

Mrs *Love*. This pleaſes me too, farewel ſir.

Shift. Admired Lady leave me not ſo.

Mrs *Love*. What would you have ſir ?

Shift. Your conſent Lady

Mrs *Love*. O expect that hereafter.

Shift. Nay dear Lady.

Mrs *Love*. You are too importunate ſir farewel. *Exit*.

Shift. No matter, I am ſure to have thee : how ſome women are taken with ſtrange tales: queſt onleſs ſhe's a Widdow, but no matter, plenty of money will weave contempt in a beauty at ſecond hand.

Next time we meet I do not doubt to get her,
Hercules *could not wooe a Lady better.*

Enter Monylack.

Money-lack Thou art well met.
Mo. Thanks good *Shiftwel.*
Shift. I have braye newes to tell thee, but come let's to the Tavern, and by the virtue of a glaſs of wine, 'twil ſlide off my tongue more ſweet.
Mo. Agreed, but I ſhould call upon a friend about this hour according to engagement.
Shift. Nay ile not ſtay for 'tis full noon, and I have promiſed to be Sir *Olivers* gueſs.
Mo. Hee's come to town then.
Shift. Yes he came laſt night, and has commanded noble preparations for the goſſiping to day. Ha! ſee where he comes.

Enter Sir *Oliver*,

Mo. Ile leave you then.
Shift. Proteſt but you ſhan't, Sir *Oliver* the humbleſt of your ſervants.
Sir *Oliver.* Nephew *Shiftwel.* the only one I wiſht for.
Shift You are welcome to town Sir, I expected you long afore this, till your laſt Letter ſhew'd good cauſe to the contray.
Sir *Oliver*, Indeed I could not poſſible come till now, nor now neither well, for in the interim ſeveral concerns of mine lyes in the truſt and confidence of ſome perſons which I doubt.
Shift. Your Lady Sir is delivered of a fine plump boy, he will be as notable a wag as the Father Ile watrant him.
Sir *Oliver.* I have ſeen it and bleſſed it, but to make my promiſe good, there Nephew ther's ten peices for you, and come you muſt be my principal gueſs to day.
Shift. It grieves me that I muſt be forced againſt my will, I hate the company of ſuch a crew of Women (as there to be ſure I ſhall find enow) nay and honeſt women too : yet for this moneys ſake I muſt, and ſo good patience guide me, Sir I can't deny you, but this Gentleman is my intimate friend and in leaving him ſo abruptly, I make a breach of our friendſhip.

Sir *Oliver*

Sir *Oliver*. Not for the world, with this Gentleman your friend, I invite you for my gueſs to day, and will promiſe you Sir a hearty welcome.

Mo. Sir I thank you, but would willingly beg your pardon and my excuſe, for probablely my ſtrangeneſs may be ſome part of hindrance to mirth in ſome of your ſeotiable gueſs,

Sir *Oliver*. Not in the leaſt Sir, I have a Neice that loves to entertain ſuch handſome Gentlemen as you are.

Shift. He means my Siſter *Maria*, faith for that words ſake goe *Money-lack*.

Sir Oliver. *Nay pray Sir come, no more delayes.*
My Gueſs by this are ſate and dinner ſtayes!

Exeunt.

Scen. fifth.

Enter Pluto Proſerpina, *and five Devils*.

Pluto. NOw declare,

1 *Div*. Infernal King, I have been my circuit, but each chriſtians heart was ſo fortyfied againſt my attempts, that I was dubious of bringing any news acceptable to your ear, till at laſt creeping into a ſtrong water ſhop amongſt a crew of topers, I partly divided my ſelf and ſtuck upon each mans tongue, who preſently within the ſpace of a poor moment, warpt out ſuch a number of ignominous lyes, that Hell it ſelf would quake to hear them.

2 *Di*. I was his ſecond, for in a puffe of ſmoak I crep up their noiſtrils into their very brain, and their p'aid a tyrants part in converting their lies into execrable Oathes: damnation was their conſtant wiſh, and ſo wiſh I and hope ere long to make them *Charons* cuſtomers.

3 *Di*. I have been amongſt a crew of Coblers and Broom-men and have raiſed an endleſs diſcord, that I dare promiſe upon penalty of your powerful diſpleaſure, diverſity of murders will be between them committed.

4 *Di*. I have not been idle neither: I have been ſcouting among

the

the Lawyers in their pleading hall, where a cauſe coming to be heard between a rich Uſerer and an Heir, I skipt into the hearts of ſix affidavit men, who ſwore point blanck for the Uſerers intereſt, againſt what was either truth or equity which makes for the intereſt of our Kingdom.

Pluto. Well 'twas bravely done, and for this your care and diligence kiſs our *Proſerpines* hand, then run to your ſeveral ſtations to perfect what you have partly intangled: if you meet any of your,

Other brethren, bid them make haſte to bring
A fraught of ſoules to Hells fiery King. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Act Third, Scen the Firſt.

Shipton *deformed in her Cottage.*

AM I awake or in a dream? Ha! What dingy Hayloft am I left in now? Am I once more become the miſerable Inhabitant of my poor paternal Cottage: Alas! 'tis too true! Is this the end of all my pride to be again reduced to my priſtine poverty! How vain is ſeeming glory! How momentary are all the pleaſures that airy ſpirits boaſt off! Deciteful Devil am I thy Spouſe and ſo a witch and haveno other habitation but where deriſion daily laughs me in the face, Why doſt thou not build me Caſtles in the Air that I might throw down Thunderbolts upon the heads of thoſe that durſt upbraid me? But ha! whats this! O helliſh Cruelty! Am I *Agatha Shipton*, ſurely no! Where's thy captivating beauty did inchant inſinuating Divels! Here's nothing left but the bare bones of a decayed face of four-ſcore years of Age which verifies the Proverb ſhe looks as if the *Hag had rid her*: Then farewel all future expectation of true felicity I muſt,

Perforce conform my ſelf now to embrace
The ſpells of utter darkneſs and diſgrace.

Enter.

Enter Beggars.

Greg. How now runaway are you once more come to light agen?

Ship. Yes Hellibore.

Greg. Bore me no Bores d'you see you are a Sow for boring of me for all your crooked Nose.

Jug. Bless me she is strangely altered!

Bab. Sure 'tis not she!

Hodge Sure my Name is not *Hodge*: Come we come to bid you Money for the purchase of your Cottage.

Ship. Keep your Money I want it not, nor any thing else.

Jug. Marry come up Potters are you grown so proud, I have known the time you would have leapt at a crust.

Ship. Tormentors be gone and trouble me not.

Greg. Be gone, we won't or if we do we will send a whole Legion of Admirators to perplex thee, all the Country shall know of thy Diviliſh deformity.

Ship. Are you presumptuous villanies, *stamps*

Enter Radamon *with Thunder and Lightning and scares away the Beggars.*

Rad. Now am I come to supply the Company of those thou wise'y hast dismist and in recompence of my love thou must practice Murder, Witchcraft, fatal Propheſies and what not that Hell can boast off.

Ship. My former vows enforce me to enact what you desire.

Ra. *Then i'l promise thee: Henceforward thou shalt be Admired by Nations for thy Prophecy.*

Exeunt *with horrid Musick.*

Scene

Scene the Second.

Enter Sir Oliver *and* Shiftwell *ſeverally, as in a Garden.*

Sir. *Ol.* NO more of theſe coſtly feaſts nor go ſſipings.
Shift. Ha ! Sir *Oliver* alone i'l ſtand here and liſſen.
Sir. *Ol.* No, no, I have a Plot to reaſſume my former an antient way of living.
Shift, How will he leave us ? O penurious curre !
Sir *Ol.* I'l repoſe my truſt and Confidence in none but in my ſelf.
Shif. Yes i'l ſhare with thee villain and put a ſtop to all thy cunning.

[Sir *Oliver* pulls out a Letter.]

Sir *Ol.* Thîs Letter does prepare the Phyſick I ſhortly intend to adminiſter to *Shiftwel* and his Wife.
Shift. Does the plot lye there, then be attentive ears !
Sir *Ol.* This Letter is an Imploration to regain my good wifes favour, with numberleſs proteſtations never ſo diſgracefully to live from her.
Shift. More Knave thou, but for my own ends ile prevent thee.
Sir *Ol.* But I looſe time,

——— *I muſt away,*
In Plots there is no danger like delay.

Exit.

[Going out drops a Letter !]

Shift. Damn'd Impoſture ! but ile not rave nor rage but ſmoothly put a bar to his conſpiracy, and ſee he has left me further inſtructions to proceed, ile read it.

[*Reads*

[*Reads the Letter.*]

My Dear,

PRethee pardon what I have done amiss, and though I have been a prodigal wanderer once more receive me home into thy favour: 'Tis but Justice in mee to be submissive since I am so much guilty of ingratitude to the embraces of so kind a Wife. I protest religiously never to go back into that path of folly wherein I have been so long hedg'd, but post to come to thee, Embracee, Enjoy, Live, and never again to live apart from thee till death seperates me from being

Thy endeared Husband
Sir *Oliver.*

Shift. Very good now Ile go place my Engine, and quickly quench thy new desires.

We both have laid our plots and his design,
Which he think's sure's prevented thus by mine.

Exit.

Scen. Third.

Moneylack *Solus.*

HOw easy was I tempted to my ruine! I have a Neece said he, now I know thou hast a fair one two, whose amorus eyes have charm'd my heart and made me subject, to loves Deity! *Maria!* lovely *Maria!* to thy beauty I am a Captive and ever dedicate my self to thy service. How the rushing waves of love do tumble and beat upon my tender heart. My eyes are very dimne or almost out with gazing on the Sun whose light is cœlestia!, Me thinks I am in a dream.

All things to nature contrary go.
I needs must sleep and love comman is it so!

[Sleēps and ſoft muſick playēs and this Song.]

Muſes expreſſe in every line
A Phœnix *vertues all divine!*
Richeſt of Nature in whoſe Eye
You Gods may ſee Divinity!
O what a charme in hir does dwell
None but the Gods themſelves can tell!

Her beams the Sun at Noon diſplayes,
Unable to extend his Rayes,
Did all but veiw her right they'd ſay,
She is light and darkneſs Night and Day,
O what a charm in her does dwell,
None but the Gods themſelves can tell!

[He awakes]

Ha! me thought I heard a heavenly voice ſinging in the praiſe of my *Maria*,

Bleſt be that voice, for ſhe is all divine!
And I 'm but mortal then ſhe can't be mine!

Enter Shiftwel.

But I maſt ceaſe.

Shift. My dear friend well met, have I not got a noble colour.

Mo. Indeed you have.

Shift. Faith I have been hard at it, but why ſo melancholly? thou lookeſt ill too, prithe the cauſe?

Mo. Truly I am ill, very ill and yet the cauſe ----

Shift. What iſt prithe tell me?

Mo. He is my friend I cannot well deny him, 'tis love.

Shift. Love! in what kind

Mo. In the beſt kind, the worthieſt kind! A Cordial Honorable and Honeſt love.

Shift. Honeſt Love! Ha, ha, ha, Pox on ſuch love, and all the Gene-

Generation of it. Hang honeſt love, hate honeſt Women, ſtick to a Cup of good Sack and live as I do, and thou wilt never do amiſs ile warrant thee. Good *Money lack* go ſleep upon't, ſo good night, to morrow morn ile ſee you agen and hope to find you in another mood. Honeſtly in love, Ha, ha, ha!

Mo. *But ere you go a word: why d' you pretend*
You have a friendſhip when you ſlight your friend?
By this ill temper all your love's deſtroy'd
Neglect of kindneſs makes a kindneſs void,

Shift. *Pardon what's paſt: permit me to implore*
Your love to think I lov'd you as before.
And though my humor uſhered out a jeſt,
It was no ſpark of falſehood from my breaſt.
Declare your mind your pleaſure ile attend,
Damnation's due to him that fooles his Friend.

Mo. *Then as I go the ſtory Ile relate*
Shift. *May heaven in all things make thee fortunate.*

Exeunt.

Scen. fourth.

Enter Hairbrain *and* Swagger.

Hair. THis is the only life my brave *Belſwagger*.
Swag. True, to ſpend a life muſing at home, Pox on ſuch ſottiſhneſs.
Hair. No, no thank my ſtars I have thought of better things.
Swag. I but what ſhall we think of to get us a little more money, I have a great fancy to take a ramble to *London*, and your Fathers name wont gain us credit every where.
Hair. Not every where, but in ſome part of *London* ile engage it ſhall, but however being ſo nigh home Ile make a ſtep to him, perhaps

haps he may be orejoy'd to see me and prove liberal.

Swag. Provided you'l stay at home and grow reformed.

Hair. Ile turn *Puritan* first.

Swag. Nay I cant Imagine thou wilt leave mee

Hair. No faith to leave thee in misery would to my conscience be

——— a trouble without end,
Hee's no true Christian, that proves false to his Frind.

Swag. Enough I'me confident.

Hair. Well ile to my Father and return with all speed possible, the mean time let no thoughts discontent thee, for as I have vowed

Ile prove thy Friend and thou shalt see
Ile find a plot to make the Miser free.

Exeunt.

Scen. Fifth.

Enter Shiftwell.

WEll little does *Moneylack* think *Maria*'s my Sister, in the end he shall not doubt of his enterprize, I have left him in good hopes and am stoln to have the other tryal of my Amorous Dame, this is the door, and now good luck on my side. [*knocks*

Enter Roger.

Whoe's there.

Shift. A friend.

Ro. What is your Name.

Shift. As you say that is to be thought on: I must pick out some strange name. *Frankheart.*

Ro. O Sir cry your mercy I remember you and your suit and will be very serviceable to you, if now and then you will suffer me to be blithe and full of merry moods.

Shift. Roger where hast been prithee?

Ro.

Ro. At the ſpiget Sir is it not a very rainy day ?

Shift. Thou art well waſh'd within I perceive, but *Roger* is your Lady at leiſure to diſcourſe, your Lady ſa'd I ſee where ſhe comes !

Enter Mrs *Lovefree.*

Ro. Then 'tis time for me to be gone. *Exit* Roger.

Mrs *Love.* Ha ! ſee where my Gallant is, I ſhall be courted certainly and perhaps ſhall yeild.

Shift. Madam your humble ſervant; let your lilly white hand inrich my lips.

[*Kiſſes her hand.*]

Mrs *Love.* You are very complemental Sir.

Shift. Faith Madam I love you for millions of cauſes and you ſhall find it ſo if you p'eaſe introth dear Lady.

Mrs *Love.* Ile try him a little.

Shift. And Ile try thee Ile hold thee a wager ere I have done with thee.

Mrs *Love.* But Sir, you have been a very deboiſt Gentleman I hear.

Shift. By what name pray Madam.

Mrs *Love.* Truly Sir my memory is none of the beſt I have forgotten.

Shift. So I believe : pray withall forget what you have heard and you ſhall hear no more of it, and upon that promiſe, come ſhall wee agree.

Mrs *Love.* To what ?

Shif. To do as we would be done unto.

Mrs *Love.* How's that.

Shift. I could ſhew you Madam, with your good likeing.

Mrs *Love.* Some other time I preſume Sir will ſerve.

Shift. Nay no more Courtſhip if you love me Madam.

Sings.

O Cupid *the Bow-man, I am not thy foe man,*
For I love this woman as well as I know man,
And therefore I pray thee with miſcheif to ſtay me,
And quickly to lay me in bed with this Lady.

Mrs

Mrs *Love*. What call you this pray?

Shift. 'Tis my imploration Madam.

Mrs *Love*. You are very fluent, 'tis meer flattery, they are moſt childiſh will beleive all that their Suitors ſay my moſt Poetical ſervant!

Shift. Moſt obdurate Lady, was ever widdow ſo hard to win, ſure her late Husband got not her Maiden-head ſhe is ſo backward.

Mrs *Love*. Adeiu Sir.

Shift. Not yet ſweet Lady.

Mrs *Love*. Pray trouble me no more with your ſpeeches,

Shift. O cruel reply to a Lovers ſuit!
how to diſſemble a little *Aſide*.
If ever you felt this paſſions pain, if ever you would pittied be your ſelf, or if you know that love has power to kill, commiſerate a heart ſo ſwel'd with love for you, that it will quickly break if you deny the juſtice of my requeſt, and if you are reſolv'd to remain Inexorable, I wiſh my Fortune yours, and if ever you love you may be ſerved ſo!

Mrs *Love*. I am but a Woman and theſe words would move a ſtupid rock to pitty, Sir I can reſiſt no longer, your tongue has magick in't, you have overcome me and enjoy your Conqueſt. But firſt your Name.

Shift. Frankheart.

Mrs *Love*. And mine *Lovefree* : then thou *Frankheart* takes mee *Lovefree*, without any farther Ceremony.

Shift. A match, and one thing more Ile promiſe

My love to thee ſhall conſtant be and pure,
Mrs *Love*. *Let us to bed then and the bargains ſure.*
Shift. *So this plot has hit right and I ſhall find,*
Riches enough to poiſe a troubled mind. Aſide.

Exit.

Scene

Scene the ſixth.

Enter *Shipton*.

NOw both in mind and form I am a perfect Witch, what hitherto I have done has ſpread my fame far wider then it is, ſo that thoſe who before looked upon me as a crack brain'd woman, now begin to admire me, and eſteem my words as Oracles, eſpecially our Engliſh who only come to be reſolv'd of what I know will come to paſs of which here comes a great one.

Enter *Abbot of Beverley*.

A. B. Reverend Matron whoſe all knowing skill our Country admires, part of which for my own intereſt I humbly come to crave.

Ship. Come near *Abbot* of *Beverley*, you are not ſo much diſguiſed but the Fox may be ſeen through the ſheeps skin.

A. B. She knowes me upon my life a witch!

Ship. 'Tis not thoſe Cloathes makes you a Lay perſon, no more then a long gown makes any man a Lawyer, pleaſe you to ſit you ſhall not go away unſatisfied of what you deſire.

A. B. I fear the downfall of our Abbies, but ere I know my doom, accept this ſacred Relique lately come from Rome, a ſure preſervative againſt all troubles and temptations.

Ship. O your Teſtimony is needleſs to the wiſe, of which I thus propheſie.

When the Cow does ride the Bull
Then Prieſt beware thy skull!
And when the lower ſhrubs do fall,
The great tree quickly follow ſhall.
The Mitred Peacok's lofty pride,
Shall to his maſter be a guide.
The poor ſhall grive to ſee that day
And who did feaſt muſt faſt and pray.
Fate ſo decrees their overthrow,
Riches bring Pride and Pride brings woe!

A. B. This is omminous and touches State, thy inſolence muſt be corrected.

Ship. *There's none thats wiſe will ſay ſo*
They that a Propheſie of me require
Shall know the Truth though not to their deſire
Conſtrue it how you pleaſe, ſo I *leave you. exit.*

A. B. I fear ſhe does preſage too true, but ere I harbour ſuch a thought of my own downfall Ile cry *vindicte* on the witch that firſt induc'd mee too't.

Then propheſing Shipton know
Beverleys *great* Abbot *is thy Foe*
And does proteſt as he renounces ſin,
To null thy witchcraft ere ſun ſet agen.

Act fourth. Scene the Firſt.

Enter Abbot *of* Beverley *and* Beggars *at one door, A Juſtice of peace* Shipton *and* Radamon *at the other.*

A B. BUt you muſt be ſure to ſwear point blanck.
Greg. BO through an inch bord Sir, lye and ſwear to it, 'tis the leaſt thing of an hundred, beſides what is it Beggars wont do for Money?

A. B. Very good but Mum, here comes the Juſtice and the witch.

Juſt. Here our Officer has brought the party our warrant did command, Now ſay what you can aleadge againſt her and let her anſwer for her ſelf.

Ra. Which ſhall be nothing *Aſide*

A. B. I ſay Sir ſhe's a witch, and hope to prove it here by teſtimony.

Juſt. Well declare what can any of you teſtify againſt her.

Jug. Sir an't pleaſe your Worſhip I have known her ever ſince ſhe

ſhe was a Totterdas ſlut of fifteen, and ſhe alwaies threatned deſperate things.

Juſt. Piſh this is but talk, can any of you prove what you ſurmiſed for the ground of your warrant that ſhe is a witch?

Ra. I now to the *probat*, ſpeak what you can.

Greg. Ant pleaſe your worſhip I can ſafely take my corporal oath that ſhe is a —— [*Sneezes.*]

A. B. Out Ruſtick are you not aſhamed to ſneze in the Juſtices face?

Hod. Ant pleaſe your Worſhip I dare take my oath too that ſhe is a —— [*ſneezes.*]

A. B. More impudence! this will ruine me.

Jug. and *Bab.* Ant pleaſe your good Worſhip to take our oathes, and we will confidently ſwear ſhe is a —— [*ſneezes.*]

A. B. Diviliſh conſpiracy! an Oath ſticks in each throat and none can gu'p it out.

Juſt. Pray Sir what was your meaning to bring theſe Mechanicks here to deride me?

A. B. No Sir but——

Juſt. But what? know Sir I take it for an affront put upon me, for which theſe your Teſtimonials ſhall all find ſevere puniſhment thus to upbraid juſtice, but firſt ſay woman are you guilty of what they accuſe you off or no?

Ship. No right worſhipful Sir, and here I do defie what all of them out of malice have moſt diſgracefully termed me,

Juſt. Once more ſpeak you, or any, or all of you, can you contradict her, can you prove her a Witch?

Omnes. Yes an't pleaſe we can all ſwear ſhe is a [*Sneze*]

Juſt. Out impudent Cattel; Clark drive them in, and then make each perſons *Minimus* to the County Goal, to anſwer to two Indictments. The one for upbraiding and derideing me a Juſtice of Peace in *Coram*, the other for falſly accuſing Mother *Shipton* a woeman of good repute and converſation.

A. B. O I am undone! pray Sir be merciful.

Juſt. *Reprobates away,*

I ſhall be more ſevere to you if you ſtay.

Exeunt, A. Beverley. Beggars, *and* Clark.

Shift. A thousand thanks to your worship for being just to innocence,

Just. 'Tis thy desert farewel. *Exit* Justice.

Ra Now have I not plaid a true Lovers part?

Ship. Thou hast.

Ra. Fear not these by blows

Dread not to meddle with concerns of State,
Guarded by Fins thou needst not fear thy Fate.

Exeunt with horrid Musick.

Scene second.

Enter *Shiftwel* Solus.

I'm sorry and yet I cannot choose to laugh at my poor friend *Moneylack's* misfortune: he loves, he loves honesty, nay my Sister too; and yet I blame him: O that men in this world should be wrapt up in such dotage and stupidity! to what end? where is their aime? would any man be an Epicure? can he boast himself so without the sense of variety! would he be a Physiosopher? can he imagine to find the stone by beating on one experiment? would he be a Schollar and never turn over a new leaf: O ignorance inexpressible! of which I thank my stars I am but little guilty off: the best of knowledge is experience. A man may guess at many things, but when he has found them experimentally he is confident, so say I, I thought my new provided widdow was much inriched, and now I have found it true, nay my pocket does pronounce 'tis verity it self.

[*shakes his pockets.*]

And now having got a second to my Knight, I hope I shall cross the Proverb *And between two stooles sit sure*:

The next plot, Moneylack's *contrived for thee!*
Then thou must play the cunning man for me.
Old crafty Whore-hound *look well to thy bits*
When friends are faulty Shiftwel *finds his witts.* Exit.

Scene.

Scene third.

Enter *Hairbraine* Solus.

VVEll was ever Heart ſo juſt with Avarice as is the old dotard my Father, who at the approaching of winter muſt undauntedly expect to kick up his heels, and yet to want the charity of croſsing my hand with one ſmall mite of Silver, this is cold comfort to carry to my friend, and yet I muſt return to him: but now I think on't Father ſince thou art ſo unkind to give me nothing, ile be ſo civil to find a means to know when I ſhall have all, i'me Heir though a wild one: hereabouts lives the good old Mother *Shipton*, ſhe's wiſe they ſay and can preſage prittily: this is the door ſure ile knock.

(*knocks.*)

Enter *Abigal*, *Shiptons* Maid.

Abi. Your buſineſs Sir.

Hair. Sweetheart is the good Mother *Shipton* within.

Abi. But not at leiſure as yet, you impart the occaſion of your coming to me Sir, I am her ſecret ſervant.

Hair. Why then prithe doſt know Sir *Habbakuk Holdfaſt* of this County.

Abi. Yes an antient Gentleman, much diſeaſed and lives nere *Pomfret*.

Hair. The very ſame.

Abi. And what of him?

Hair. Why prithe ask thy Miſtreſs how long ſhe thinks 'tis poſſible for him to live.

Abi. See where ſhe comes.

Enter *Shipton*,

Ship. Sir I know the party you enquire off, and concerning whom I thus Propheſie.

The Grave provided has a room
For his old age. His hour is come.

So I leave you. Exit *Shipton*.

Hair. So ſweet heart thank thy Miſtreſs.

Abi. Nay but pray Sir ſtay, if you forget to open your purſe, I ſhan't forget to open my mouth: do you think I can live with thanks? the Belly requires meat, and the back cloathing, thank you quoth he, marry come up.

Hair. Prithee be not ſo hot, there's for thee.

Abi. Well I hope thanks will ſuffice you Sir, though it would not me, ſo farewell Sir. *Exit* Abigal.

Hair. Fleſh I have given her half my ſtock, I am poor and yet if I have nere ſo little I can't forbear to be liberal: well. Gentillity ſpiced with Poverty is the worſt accompliſhment a Gallant of this Age, can be inveſted with: but to the repetition of the Propheſie.

The Grave provided has a Room,
For his old Age, his hour is come.

Heaven ſend the time: now with a heart fraughted with joy.

Ile to my Swagger *and to him expreſs,*
The election of my future happineſs.

Exit.

Scen fourth.

Enter Shiftwell *and* Moneylack.

Shift FAith her diſpoſition is moſt ſtrange.

Mo. 'Twas eaſier for to ſpurn the Cyclops Anvil down, and kick it into Attomes in the Air then to obtain her love.

Shift. O think not ſo.

Mo. Have I not cauſe?

Shift. At laſt after a conſtant and heard purſuit ſhe may be wone.

Mo. Could I but hope ſo much, did all the Stars malignant Influences threaten Fate oppoſite to my happineſs, I would not deem them worthy of my obſervation, but perſevere till I obtained or fell.

Shift. Conjecture ſtill the beſt.

Mo.

Mo. 'Tis easier to advice then to perform.

Shift. In these times young Ladies for a while do mantle their affection in dislike, let not an ignorance of Virgins wills disturbe thy breast with weak dispair.

Enter Maria *and her maide alone.*

Shift. See and exalt your eyes to happiness.

Mo. *Maria* and her Maid, I see a Lute: let us escape the light and it is likely we shall hear her sing.

Maria. Now give it me, is it in tune?

Maid. Yes Madam.

Mo. Forbear a while to play upon the spheers ye servants to the Deities, the Gods will blame you if you keep the air of her all ravishing Harmony from their ears.

[*Maria* sings this song.]

O sweet Diana *vertuous Queen*
That dost affect the meadows green!
By heavens edict the guide of night
And dost in fresh leave's woods delight!
Like to the Nymphs so suffer mee
To consecrate my self to thee.

Thou that for lust didst transform
Acteon *to a Hart so charm*
With virtuous spels each Virgins heart
That men may never them divert
From purity: or else pray make
Them other hearts for Virgins sake.

Exit Maria *and her Maid.*

Mo. Now have you heard her resolution.

Shift. That she disguizes, not her love you mean.

Mo. True and I am most miserable!

Shift. But see here she's all alone: now speak to her Ile withdraw and pray for your success.

Mo. Thanks good friend: hail Natures most perfect work, and th

continual Idea of my admyring Soul! however your poor Adorer Lady with a gracious look of your beloved eyes.

Mo. Alas your ſmile Sir is in vain, for in ſhort, if you'l give me leave, I call to witneſs every particular inſtance, and tends to any Chriſtians happineſs, that I will never enter into Marriage: and for your ſaying you muſt dye for me, I hold it but a common compliment of idle Lovers, and therefore wiſh you ſo much happineſs to live without me.

Mo. O be not ſo unmerciful! had your Mother faireſt Lady, Inexorable been, you had not been, nor thoſe crimſon Roſes ever ſpread upon your lovely cheeks: has Nature liberally heaped the raireſt perfections ſhe could give Mortality to no end? ſurely no; as you are a daughter of a beautious Mother, ſhe being dead, you inrich the world unto you by your iſſue. Be not ſo cruel then, my fair *Maria*, let not your tongue degenerate from your form.

Ma. Sir you have heard me ſpeak what I intend.

Mo. Be not a Tygreſs Lady.

Ma. Sir I muſt leave you, and leave you this humour, I reſpect you as you are a Gentleman of my acquaintance, but if any more you trouble me with your Court ſhip I ſhall utterly hate you: ſo farewell. *Exit* Maria.

Mo. Does a fair face preſage a cruel heart! Nature is grown decrepit ſure, and all things ſublunary erre againſt her rule of order.

This is my fate, the fates I can't prevent.
And till the end I know not their intent.

Shift. What is ſhe ſtill obdurate?

Mo. Beyond expreſſion!

Shift. Yet let not theſe doubts puzzle you, you will be happy and enjoy her, I am confident you will: this is a common cuſtome in young hearts.

Mo. But this is a fixed Star.

Shift. Fixed in your heart it ſeems, but otherwiſe I doubt it, herefore in the end doubt not you of your deſire.

Mo. You have ſtirred a feeble releif within me, friend that my dear *Maria* may be warm and I will nouriſh it to ſome height,

Shift. *A neceſſary none muſt want which do*
Diſcruction of thoſe whom they woe. Exeunt.

Scen.

Scen. Fifth.

Enter Captain, Priſcilla, *and Mother* Prue.

Priſ. CAptain you promiſed me a new Gown and have broke your word I deſire therefore to be acquitted your company.

Cap. Pretty *Priſ.* my Tennants are ſlow in paying their Rents I had not failed thee elſe, but thou art very fine as you are.

Priſ. That's without thanks to you, 'tis no coſt of yours: I am beholding to a better friend for't.

Prue. But in truth Captain you muſt become more liberal to my Daughter for the future.

Priſ. What do you think Ile venture my reputation for your Oaths, flattering words and a little fooliſh pleaſure?

Prue. No indeed ſhe muſt be maintained with other Materials: If ſhe goes not fine and gallant, ſhe muſt bid farewell for ever to all hollidayes: the Honorable and right Worſhipful will not care for her embraces then.

Cap. Are you againſt me too Mother? I thought you had had a greater kindneſs for me then ſo.

Prue. Indeed Captain you know I have much reſpected you: but you muſt think of providing better for my Girl.

Cap. Priſ. I love thee, give me thy hand, and though I never made uſe of my Credit in that kind, ile vow before my Mother ile take thee up a new Gown to morrow,

Priſ. Perform't and then you ſee *Priſcilla* will requite your kindneſs.

Cap. Then wee are agreed, ile do it, now will I joak with my reverend Bawd a little. My wonderful old Mother methinks you are grown merry of the ſuddain, well is there any woman in *Europe* that can remember the building of the Capitol, I dare pronounce tis you: would I had as much mony as you have ſpent in Almanacks ſince you could make uſe of them, I ſhould be as rich as the grand Govenour of a province.

Prue. Well-well Captain though you make a mock of my age, you would be glad to live ſo long your ſelf.

Priſ

Pris. There is but ſmall hopes to imagine hee'l ever arrive to that Antiquity, his debauchneſs will ſhorten his daies, beſides he's ſo quarreſſome I wonder he has liv'd till now.

Cap. Piſh you prate, but is ſupper ready Mother.

Prue. Yes but we muſt ſtay for Eſquire *Hairbrain.*

Cap. Will he be here?

Prue. Yes, and his friend Mr, *Swagger.*

Enter Hairbrain *and* Swagger.

Pris. Long look't for comes at laſt, Mr. *Hairbrain* your welcome

Hair. Thanks my dear *Pris.*

Prue. Mr. *Swaggar* you are welcome too.

Hair. Mother your daughter lookes exceeding well methinks.

Prue. Venus be praiſed ſhe needs no art of painting, her face alwayes wears its native colours.

Pris. Paint out upon't, I ſhould be loath to dawb my face with oyntment.

Cap. But many of as good features, have not ſo nice a ſtomack,

Pris. I credit you, and have heard many raile againſt it as if they ſcorn'd to adulterate their faces.

Cap. You women no diſſemblers are, but he that can live without you is a happy man.

Hair. But we trifle time, Mother lead way wee'l follow come *Swagger* within wee ſhall find a Miſtreſs for thee.

Pris. My Mother has a ſcore or two at your ſervice.

Swag. Thanks my fair *Priſcilla.*

Exeunt Hairbrain Swagger *and* Pris *and* Prue.

Cap. Well I muſt expect little enjoyment of dear *Pris.* while *Hairbrain's* here, would I could win her affection to my ſelf I would carry her far enough out of all their reaches. She is *Proxrots* only child and ſhe's rich.

She may turne honeſt after ſhe's a wife.
However money makes a happy life.

Exit.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Act.

Act fifth, Scen first.

Enter Shiftwell *with a Letter in his hand.*

SEe this Letter will eaſe the heat of my troubled friend, and with more ſpirit make him enact what I muſt deſire him to perform to the life: 'Tis now high time to place my Engine, and indeed to work it, Sir *Oliver* keeps cloſe to his ſtudy —— *'tis to no good intent.*

And I muſt watch his cunning to prevent

Ile ſtrait to *Moneylack* and put my deſign in execution.

Enter Moneylack.

But ſee ye how fortunately he comes, my dear friend read that and then judge of my prevalency with *Maria.*

Opens and reads the Lette .

Sir having received a perticular account of your worth and quality I am ſorry I have ſo long repaid your affection to me with diſdain. I would not have you triumph that I have ſo recollected my ſelf, nor yet deſpair in any thing to the contrary, for at preſent I can only ſatisfie you that I eſteem you as an accompliſhed Gentleman.

Maria.

Is this her own hand.

Shift. Is this mine? I am ſorry you gueſs my friendſhips to be flattery.

Mo. No more, I credit you, and by this means inſpired a ſecond breath into a heartleſs Lover, 'tis beyond the reach of Oratory to declare thy gratitude. Nay the well wiſhes of your friend have the ſame power to implore the like ſucceſs in all your own concerns.

Shift. You are very bountiful, but now I muſt make bold to employ you in a buſineſs wherein if you fail to be either ſecret or diligent 'twill be my utter ruine.

Mo. Then if I be may the deſtruction fall upon my head, declare.

Shift. This it is, when the goſſiping was, after dinner ſteping into the garden I eſpyed Sir *Oliver* murmuring to himſelf, and thinking it to be no goodneſs, ſquatted under a buſh and heard the Rogues deſign, very ſpeedily of leaving my wife and returning to his own and

with

with her to remain till death them depart, after he was gone I found a Letter (which he had dropt) which was to be sent to his wife with great imploration for pardon for former errours,& protestations of entire love upon a favourable acceptance. Now to put an obstacle to his intent, I would have you in a Serjeants habit, go and arrest him at my suit upon two actions, one of Trespass, and the other of Battery, (for I'm sure he hath battered my wife) then threaten to carry him to the Counter, and in the *interim* ile come and make up the business, and assure thee *Maria* in the bargain. Time and place to meet with him you shall receive in a note from me this even.

Mo. Then if I fail to do it to the life call me Hypocrite.

Shift. Enough, farewell for the present. *exit* Moneylack.
Now for my widdow. *exit.*

Scene second.

The Scene draws, Swagger *making a pass at* Hairbrain, Hairbrain *having his eye fixed on a letter, the Captain keeping of* Swagger, Priscilla, *two other whores and Mother* Prue.

Swag. REfuse my Mistris health, 'tis a crime which nothing but his death shall expiate have I been ever his continual friend, and am I slighted thus, ile raise all the dreadful furies from the infernal shades to stigmatize him full of my revenge.

Prue. Come, come, Ile have no quarrels in my house.

Hair. Mum Impudence! Ile meet his fury.

Swag. How now Hag, can you hinder quarrels in a Bawdy-house.

Cap. If you can, you have more power then a Constable, but let my entreaties beg a reconcilement.

Swag. They are in vain and do but exasperate the prosecution of my just revenge, advance Sir.

Hair, Stay beast unworthy of the name of man, much less unworthy of the name of Friend, first peruse this letter and then I shall allay the seeming confidence you have in your own valour.

Gives Swagger *the Letter.*

Of what moment is extravagancy, or to what end serves a riotus life, seeing both the one and the other are subject to vicissitude and ready to yeild at the least puffe of winde that blowes from a contrary shore! O my disobedience! To forsake the intern love of a Parent for

for the fruition of thy laſcivious company! where is my fathers gold
en Crop, I ſhould have reaped? given to my Uncle whoſe love is a
cold to me as death it ſelf. Now hell hound doſt thou ſee unto wha
diſtreſs by thy alluſions I am now driven too, read there how my mi
ſery is characted; revenge is ſweet. Advance therefore for I am re
ſolved to ſend thy baſe polluted ſoul into the flames of *Phlegeton*.

Priſ. Nay *Hairbrain* prithee let me perſwade thee.

2. *W.* And *Swagger* let me perſwade thee.

3. And Gentlemen pray let me perſwade you both.

Priſ. I expected a more familiar way of ſcuffling then this.

2. W. *I thought each man with his mate would fight*
Battails not full of danger but delight.

3. W. *Soft kiſſes, ſweet embraces, and ſuch ſport*
As often's uſed in the Venerial Court.

Hair. Out Whores trouble me not.

Cap. Methinks I find a ſudden alteration within me, affection tha
even now was ſo powerful, is of the ſudden turn'd to utter hate, an
my heart for bringing forth any fruits of love to *Priſcilla* is as barren a

The ſand that lies on the ſea ſhore.
I will embrace that love that hates a whore.

Pru. Well Gentlemen if you are ſo mute or mad I know not which
nor I don't care whether, wee'l be ſo civil to leave you, my Ladie
will find other Gallants to be more gently embraced by, ſo farewel
ha, ha, ha.

Exit Pru. *and all the whores laughing.* Manent *Ha. Swag* and *Cap.*

Swag. Now Sir here take my ſword and make a paſſage for my ſou
that it may leave ſo vile a habitation as this body.

Hair. No here take mine and do me that courteſie,

——— *For length of life to me,*
Is but the product of more miſery.

Cap. Pray Gentlemen without being thought too rude, may I de
ſire to know the cauſe of your Agrieveance.

Swag. Then know Sir, to this Gentleman my friend by or
expreſsion ——— I *have been too rude,*
I'm guilty of the ſin ingratitude.

By my perſwaſions to lead an Extravagant life, he has lately lo
a fair eſtate, and on his fathers death bed merited his curſes: fo
which I thus fall his ſacrifice.

[*offers to fall on his ſword*

Hair. For heaven ſake forbear: ſo much a freſh is my love kindle

that I have both forgotten nay and forgiven all, your confeſſion to me, ſince all is paſt recovery, is a ſufficient ſatisfaction.

Swag. Is this not pollicy to delay my death ?

Hair. By all thats good it is not if you dare credit me.

Swag. You may be confident I will.

Hair. Then let all paſs, we muſt now joyn prudence to our poverty, and by a ſerious life regain the loſs of vertue.

Swag. With a heart as full of holy ardencie as thoſe that devoutly implore zealous mercies from their Saints, or as votaries from their Goddeſſes.

Cap. Pray may a third man intervene that has not over vertuouſly inclin'd himſelf & make a joynt reſolution with you for repentance.

Hair, and *Swag.* With all our hearts, but what is this,

Enter Deſpair.

I am Deſpair *and come to tell you, late*
Repentance nere can make you fortunate :
Of all your pleaſures take a ſecond view,
And let Deſpair *your comfort be : adeiu.* Exit.

Hair. Hell take *Deſpair* it ſhall never enter into my breaſt.

Swag. Nor mine.

Cap. Nor mine but ſee another apparition !

Enter Hope.

I am that vertue which does underprop
The fainting heart of man with comfort : Hope
And to you diſcontent'ed now appear
To bid you ſlight Deſpair *and not to fear,*
That if you do confide : your Hope will be
The anchor of your true Fidelity. Exit.

Ha. Hope thee I embrace, and friends let joyn hand and hearts in the height of ſorrow to have the greateſt Hope, by ſome learned Authors

—— *Wee'l take advice*
To embrace all vertue, and avoid all vice. Exeunt.

Scen third.

Enter Shipton.

NOw am I experienced in the Magical *Sciences*, as much as ever was the fam'd *Medea* or *Circe*. whoſe cuning has left a wonder to the world, ſo ſhall *Shiptons* too ! but to what end ? what will the applauſive

applauſive clamour of the world benefit me, when endles torments are my only comfort. But why do I ſuffer this conſideration? has not my deeds merited the fruit of Hell? but how? Is it a ſin to covet riches when one ſuffers the contempt of the wor'd by reaſon of poverty? yes coveting ambitiouſly is execrable, but having a heart open to embrace the deluſions of the Devil, that, that alone is damnable! then deteſtable *Shipton* look into the glaſs of thy infirmities, which are ſo many they a'moſt work a deſpair in me to cry *peccavi!* yet have we not powers above that, over hels preva'ency are predominant? then will I cleave to them! but is it not too late? ſooner I confeſs would have been better! but ſurely a heart penitentially inclined is not contemptib'e! then Devil look to thy ſelf, thou thinkeſt I am thine, but thou ſhalt find ere long thou art deceived. From thee

And all thy Hellish Sciences I now regret,
Heaven will forgive if Hell I doe forget. Exit

Scen fourth.

Enter Radamon.

HA, ha, ha, how I laugh at a poor crew of ſimple ſinners who perſue temptation more then it does them: who will ſcruple to ſwear dam me, ſince 'tis Allamode? and who will avoide living vitiouſly admirable in this world though they purchaſe He'l in the next? witneſs poor *Shipton* whoſe Name ecchoes out admiration, to whom I have been a ſmall attendant, but for no ſmal wages, I ſerve for ſou's! but here ſhe comes.

Enter Shipton.

Ship. Ha! heres my ſoul catcher! now all goodneſs be my aſſiſtance we'ome my *Radamon*, thou art come juſt in the nick to accompliſh an earneſt requeſt I have too thee?

Ra. Name it and 'tis granted.

Ship. Do't and ile confirm thou art a miraculous Devil! by all the Helliſh conſpiracy thou ere waſt maſter of, I do conjure thee to empty the Sea and make me ſole commandreſs of all the riches therein lye expanded!

Ra. Impudent Witch ! what has injoyn'd thee to that arrogancy to desire that which all the power Hell could ever boast off never was able yet to grant.

Ship. So his nonperformance of *Aside*
This shall be my plea : why *Kadamon* go to the summe of our contract art thou not my servant.

Ra. Yes I have been but now come in my Masters name to command thy soul.

Ship. My soul, ha, ha, ha !

Ra. Yes thy Soul witch dost laugh.

[*Ship.* Yes & does defie thee, know vaunting Devil by hells instigation I have hitherto lead a vitious life, I have now found out the way to virtue, which to follow I am so undeterminably inclin'd, that no temptations shall withdraw me from the perseverance of so good a resolution.

Ra. Conceited woman how dost thou flatter thy self with impossibilities : consider thy innumerable frailties, consider thy daily practise of Murder, Witchcraft, fatal Propheſies and what not that has merited hells endless torments : consider these rightly, and thou wilt find they are so pondrous they will weigh down the thoughts of any true felicity.

Ship. Delude me no more, begon and tell thy Master, *Shipton* walks in a path will make her truly happy by avoiding Hell.

Ra. Thou lyest, thou art mine, resign thy self to me and that presently or ile raise hels fiery King himself withall his dreadful furies to drag thee to his ever burning pallace !

Ship. Do, I dread them not.

Ra. *Junx elke tu tenon Emon potidoma on Andra.*

[Pluto *with other devils with rakes* enters]

Plu. The cause of this great help thou craves ?

Ra. See where she stands with such audacity *Hell* cannot shew the like precedent.

Plu. Have you expresst our commands.

Ra. Yes and she scorns them.

Plu. *Shipton* thou art mine.

Ship. Yes and you can take me.

Plu. Seize on her straight.

[*The Devils poke with their rakes and cannot touch her*]

Plu. What are you grown feeble ? ile joyn my strength !

[*All cannot touch her.*]

Plu. What preſervative has ſhe got againſt our power?

Ra. Too ſure ſhe is ſheilded by thoſe powers above, to which ours is impotent!

Plu. *We muſt uſe other means* Shipton *farewell,*
Pluto *ſtill hopes to ſee thee hang in Hell.*

Exit all Devils with horrid muſick.

Ship. I muſt now then conclude this to be the laſt attempt, ſtill, ſtill, protect me ye

——— *Powers Cœleſtial and ile impart,*
Your glorious Mercy with a thankful heart.

Exit Shipton.

Scen. Fifth.

Enter Sir Oliver *and his man* David.

Sir *Ol.* Now *David* how thinkeſt thou of my cunning.

Dav. Very well truly Sir, you have a brain ile ſay that for you.

Sir *Ol.* Poor *Shiftwel* it troubles me though. O me what a brave man he was, no meeting at the Horſe race, Cocking, Hunting, Shooting or Fowling at which *Shiftwel* was not a principal Gameſter, and companion for the Nobility.

Da. I Sir he has paid deer for thoſe follies, and 'tis but juſtice that ſuch as ſoar above their pitch, and will not be warn'd by his example ſhould like him ſhare in the miſeries that wait upon it.

Sir *Ol.* Thou ſayeſt right *David*, and I in pitty have for theſe few years lent him a helping hand to raiſe his fortunes, but now for my own ſelf intereſt ſake I muſt leave him, therefore *David* run and fetch my boots and bring them to the Inne, ile haſte before.

Da. I am gone Sir. *Exit* David.

[Sir Oliver *goes off. and comes on agen preſently.*]

Mr.

Mrs. Love free *looking out at her Be'cony.*

Mrs. *Lovefree.* Bleſs me, ſure that is my old Knight that creeps along ſo or my eye-ſight failes me!

Enter Moneylack *in a Serjeants habit.*

Mo. I arreſt you Sir, by the name of Sir *Oliver Whorehound.*

Mrs. *Love.* Ha! 'tis he and arreſted. I muſt down and know the event. [*deſcends and ſtands within the Arras.*]

Sir *Ol.* Arreſt me Sir at whoſe ſuit?

Mo. At Mr. *Shiftwells* ſuit upon two actions, with two or three executions which ſhall grinde you to powder when I have you in the Counter.

Sir *Ol.* At Mr. *Shiftwells* ſuite, thou doſt belye him Varlet, he I dare lay will weep when he heres on't.

Mo. Yes like a Milſtone.

Enter Shiftwel.

See where he comes you had beſt tell him ſo.

Sir *Ol.* Nephew *Shiftwel* you are come moſt opportunely to free me from this *Bardg.* I know you gave no way to it nor had you any reaſon ſo to do.

Mrs. *Love.* Bleſs me who do I ſee; *Shiftwell* is thy Name? O deceitful man!

Shift. Are you a Serjeant acquainted with the danger of a reſcue, yet ſtand here prating in the open ſtreets, the Counter's ſure a ſafer place to parley in.

Sir *Ol.* Your reaſon for this diſgrace to me?

Shift. 'Tis but juſtice in me. The reaſon you ſhall know hereafter.

Sir *Ol.* Pray here me ſpeak.

Shift. Whilſt I like the adder ſtop my ears, or did I liſten, though you ſpake with the tongue of Angels I am not to be altered.

Sir *Ol.* Pray make me ſenſible of the offence I have done, if it be any, and I will make the beſt of my eſtate to end the difference.

Mrs. *Love.* How does my heart now pant bewteen Hope and fear, to know the period of this buſineſs,

Shift. Ile ſhew you ſome mercy which is this. That I will not torture you with falſe hopes, but make you know what you ſhall truſt too:

too: I have seiz'd upon your estate already, yet that shall not suffice therefore Serjeant do your duty: yet stay Sir *Oliver*, I have conditions to propose, upon which Ile free you.

Enter David.

Da. Sir I have been at the Inne and finding you not there came back to look you.

Sir *Ol.* My journies stopt now *David*, Mr *Shiftwell* you may propose but I imagine the next Tavern, or some other place might be more convenient.

Shift. With all my heart lets to the next Tavern, go send for two or three friends and discourse of it there at large.

Exit Sir Ol. Mo. *and* Shift.

Da. Ha! a Serjeant on my masters back, *Shiftwel* has napt him, now all will out as ile go hear. *Exit.*

Mrs *Love.* Now is my shame as evident as day light, O unfortunate woman! that I should have the ill-luck above all other men to meet with him, that I fear I shall find more then an honest man: but come what will, I must follow and in my Knights cause outlook the world with confidence. *Exit.*

The Scene a Tavern.

Sir *Oliver*, *Shiftwel*, *Moneylack David* and a *Scrivener*, *Shiftwells* wife *Maria* and Sir *Olivers* wife apart as in another room.

Shift. Now Scrievener read the propositions.

Scriev. That for the injury designed to Mr. *Shiftwell* you will freely give him a hundred pounds yearly during his life, and after his decease to Maria.

Mo. Ha! to *Maria*, I can't conceive the reason, but ile be silenced till the future.

Scriev. Secondly to make Mr. *Shiftwels* wife joynture a hundred pounds *per annum* more during her life, and lastly to keep his wife and familie twelve years, and if at the twelve years end you intend to leave them fairly to give a quarters warning.

(Sir Olivers *wife steps out*)

Heres one saies no to that but the rest for your freedome Sir *Oliver* I must consent too. *puts o' her mask and scarf.*

Sir *Oliver*. Ha! my dear wife.

Sir *Ol. W.* You have been a hopeful husband, but blame me not if I have paid you in your coyn.

Shift. I am amazed.

Sir *Ol. W.* Nay ſtare not Mr *Frankfort* that was pretended, you and I have been a little better acquainted, but not with a thought that your wife and my husband were ſuch ſure bedfellowes

Sir *Ol.* Well then wife I hope you'l pardon me.

Sir *Ol. W.* I do and expect the ſame from you.

Shift. Well I have loſt a good generous cuſtomer by the bargain, and muſt be contented, but Sir *Oliver* you freely ſeal to theſe articles the laſt only omitted by your wives injunction.

Sir *Ol.* With all my heart, upon the giving me a bond for redelivery of my eſtate.

Shift. That I will, only one thing more remayns: that upon *Maria's* acceptance of the perſon ſhe affects for her husband, you will pay down the marriage portion in your hands remaining.

Sir *Ol.* Moſt freely.

Shift. Then pray witneſſe the ſealing and delivery.

They ſeal and deliver.

Now Sir *Oliver* what wee have done wo can't undoe, therefore Mr. *Moneylac*: diſcover your ſelf and accept my Siſter *Maria* for your wife.

Ma. And I accept him as my only happineſs.

Mo. Deareſt Lady you have raiſed me to a joy beyond my thoughts may heaven requite you for your kindneſs, and I wear out my life to do you ſervice.

Sir *Ol.* Bleſs me here are wonders in ridles.

Mo. Sir *Oliver* I muſt crave your pardon for my rudeneſs.

Shift. There is a general pardon granted, and now good wife lets ſee: how our ends will meet agen.

Sh. W. I accept thee freely.

Shift. Then we are all friends.

Exeer

Enter Serjeant.

Ser. I arreſt you Sir. [*arreſts* Shiftwel.
Mo. Arreſt him Villain? [*offers to draw.*
Shift. Pray Brother with hold a little, at whoſe ſuit?

Enter Mr *Scrape.*

At this Gentlemans.
Mo. Then Ile end all. My noble Uncle!
Scra. My Nephew *Moneylack!*
Mo. I have a requeſt to take my ſecurity for this Gentlemans debt, he is become my brother.
Scra. Your Brother?
Mo. Even ſo ſir, to morrow I'm to marry this Gentlewoman his ſiſter: releaſe him therefore pray ſir for your nephews ſake.
Scra. That I will Serjeant be gone I have ſatisfied you.

Exit Serjeant.

And pray Gentlemen pardon my ignorance of all theſe proceedings and Nephew I wiſh you much happineſs.
Mo. I thank you Sir, come brother now to make all friends.

a dance.

They dance.

Ship. Now lets in and drink each others health in
Sack which the Gods did Nectar *call,*
So end our mirth in a high Feſtival.

Exeunt

Scene Ult.

Enter Radamon *apparelled like a Gentleman and* Shiptons *Maid with a purse of Gold in her hand.*

Ma. TO be sure sir the next Nap she takes if I get not the jewel ab ut her Neck from her: I dare promise to give you your purse of gold agen, and that would go a little against my conscience.

Ra. Be very vigilant and fail not, then ile make thee Mistres of all I have promised thee.

Ma. Especially for my having you sir for my Husband.

Ra. O I can't avoid that, I love thee too well my pritty smug face,

Ma. I thank you sir.

Ra. But I may stay thee too long, thou maist miss an oppotunity: fail not to meet at the place i've appointed thee.

Ma. Truly sir I will not,

Ra. Sure this plot cannot fail, which that it may not *Aside.*

Ile to all my charming conspiracies Will bend,
Shipton thou wilt hardly shun Hell in the end.

Exit *Radamon.*

Ma. Now let me consider of the preferment that will quickly fall upon me, must I that have been obeysive to an old womans humour become a Mistris of command: must I that have scoulded, nay in my times scufled for a penny, become Mistris of a purse of Gold? must I that have many times stole out in an even to kisse an Hostler, be embraced by a Gentleman, a handsome Gentleman, with a fine head of hair, neat body, straight leg, nay and another pritty property worth all the rest, and then thou art fitted for a Husband *Abigal* ile warrant thee. But I have heard our next neighbour goody *Belch* often complain of her Husbands beating her, but faith ile pummel my Gentle-

Gentleman if he beats me, but let me see, I muſt finde out a gate to carry out my Gentility, will this Gate do? *walks about*
No it ſents too much of the ſerving maid, well then ſo *walks again*
No I ſtretch out my belly too much and that needs not, for my Huſband does promiſe to get me with child quickly, and then e'faith my belly will ſtretch out it ſelf.
O this then will ſerve *walks again.*

Enter Shipton.

Ship. Ha! huswife is this your making haſte when I ſend you of an errand, what purſe have you got there? and what fine Gentleman are you to have for your Husband?

Ma. Pray Miſtris be not angry and on my bended knees I will relate the ſtory.

Ship. Ceaſe that Ceremony and begin.

Ma. Why truly forſooth at the Corner of this field I met with a very Gallant Gentleman who gave me this purſe of gold, and promiſed to morrow morn to marry me, if I would but ſteal that jewel about your Neck from you.

Ship. Indeed forſooth, well open your purſe and tell your gold.

Ma. O heaven Miſtris 'tis all ſtones and dirt,

Ship. Yes and he that gave it thee a Devil, for none elſe would inſinuate thee to rob me of this jemne of my true happineſs.

Ma. A Devil! O how I find my fears encreaſe.

Ship. Go in Girle ile follow and protect thee.

Exit Maid.

Ship. This was *Radamons* device: but arm me ſtill ye powers devine that no Devils inſtigation does betray me: protect me even now for I find a ſudden ſlumber ſeizes me.

[Soft Muſick and an Angel deſcends with a Book.]

Shipton *deſpair not but in hope grow ſtrong.*
Thou ſhalt find Mercy thought thou haſt done wrong!
Read ore this book and in it thou ſhalt find
The ſumme of thy deſire to free thy mind.

From

From fear, thy ſoul ſecure from harm
Of any Devils! 'tis a happy charme!

[*The Angels aſcends and* Shipton *wakes.*]

Ha! what's this a book? the cover bears the type of innocence, ile look in it.

Shipton

In thy ſorrows be not drown'd
From above thou haſt mercy found:
Think not repentance comes too late
If 'tis unfeigned thou art fortunate!
And though the Devil does endeavour
To entrap thy ſinful ſoul, yet never
Yeild, but his attempts reſiſt,
And he his ſuit will ſoon deſiſt.

O endleſs comfort! now attempt what you can proud Devils, but a! what noiſe is this?

Enter Pluto *and all the Devils.*

Well your buſineſs now? you ſee I do not quake
That ere while made you and your Furies ſhake.

Plu. Wee know thy power and thy magick skill, and for the encreaſe of the ſame, we preſent thee with this paper wherein is a ſpell of Propheſie to fore tell of what was, what is, and whats to come. In this paper there is another ſpell powerful to command any ſpirit of what nature ſoever,

Ship. Well I accept your preſents but ſpurn at your ſociety, all your temptations are airy and too weak to beſiedge my fortyfied ſoul.

Plu. Was ever Devil gull'd ſo:

Well let's deſcend and all Hell ſhall howl
This full fortnight for loſſe of Shiptons *ſoul.*

[*Exeunt* with horrid Muſick.]

Ship.

Ship. So let them roare.

VVhilst I do all their Hellish Acts despise
The higher powers make me truly wise.

The Epilogue.

NOw you have tasted of our homely chear;
Pray tell us how you like it: was it dere?
Or else where lay the fault? pray gallants tell,
If't did displease t'was ill, if not 'twas well,
But may the Ladies smile on't i'm sure then,
'Twill be approved off by the Gentlemen!
So pleasing both we are in hopes we may
Expect your company another day.

An after Epilogue ſpoken by *Shipton.*

I've eſcap't the Devil but I fear you moſt,
If your frowns appear poor Shiptons *loſt;*
But now I look agen, methinks I ſpy
A gentle pardon in each gratious eye.
Viſit me oftner and in time you'l ſee
Poor Shipton *may deſerve your* plaudite.

FINIS.